Boston, Dec. 31, 1836.

Dear Sarah:

Although no tidings have been received from Brooklyn — direct — since we left, I again take up my pen to write a few hasty lines. On Saturday evening last, I put a letter into the Post-Office for mother, under circumstances that make me anxious to learn whether it was duly received — or whether it was received at all. It was my intention that it should arrive on Monday.

Yesterday forenoon, William Chace surprised me by his presence, and afflicted me most deeply (as well as dear Helen) by the tidings which he brought. He gave me a minute account of the state of bro. Henry's health — of his removal to Providence — of the visible change for the worse in his condition — of the unwillingness expressed, at the Thompsonian Infirmary, to make any trial in his case — of the decision of the Dr. that his lungs were gone, and that his time on earth was short — &c. &c. William came to get Dr. Harrington to go with him to P. Fortunately, the Dr. had just returned from New-Hampshire. He seemed surprised and affected at the intelligence, but thought it was a false alarm, and was as confident as ever that Henry's lungs were not badly affected. He took the cars yesterday afternoon with bro., and will probably return this evening. Of course, Helen and myself wait for his arrival with the utmost solicitude, and with strong apprehension. We dare not any longer cherish the belief, that Henry will recover — we cannot hope against hope — and yet it is true, that while there is life there is hope, even in a desperate sense. In the case of father — a venerable patriarch, full of years, carried far beyond the measured three-score years and ten — while we could weep at his loss, and yet not feel it a very hard thing to commit him to the tomb, inasmuch as nature had

run its course. But, oh! the thought of losing our dear Henry, in the bloom and prime of youth — one so amiable, so benevolent, so disinterested, so earnestly disposed, like his Saviour, to do good, so anxious to see this ruined world restored to its original perfectibility — a friend, a brother, yea, "a brother beloved" — how it moves the deep fountains of the soul! how it lacerates the heart! And yet let us beware, that, in our deep affliction, we sorrow not after the manner of the world. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Is not the same sentence passed upon us all — "Dust to dust"? Our Father in heaven will not be angry to see us weep at a bereavement like this; he knows our frame; he has given us affections; and Christ, our Redeemer, could weep at the grave of Lazarus, and groan in spirit in view of his death. But let our consolation be in God; let us not murmur at his dispensations — for we know that "God is love," and that "he doth not willingly afflict the children of men." As he sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust alike, so he sends his summons impartially into the palace of the king and the hut of the peasant — among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free. — Who shall lay any thing to his charge?

It may be, nevertheless, that our beloved brother may yet survive a long time, and even be restored to health again. But it is our duty at all times, while we may hope for the best, to be prepared for the worst. I am consoled to learn that Henry regards his dissolution with resignation, and is anxious only that the will of his heavenly Father may be perfected in him. I trust that he will be enabled to exclaim — "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

All this week, our sweet little George has been extremely ill with an attack of the croup — the Dr. visiting him every day. We felt very much alarmed — but now have reason to rejoice and be grateful at his recovery. — To-day, he has been very lively, and his health seems to be almost wholly restored. Helen, in attending upon him nights, has got a bad cold and cough, and also lost her appetite. We hope nothing serious will occur.

To-day the year gives up its parting breath. How many have gone down to the grave since its commencement! We are yet mercifully spared. "Bless the Lord, O our souls! and all that is within us, bless his holy name!" Whether we shall survive another year, we know not — but let us be ready to depart, and be with Christ, "which is far better."

As soon as Dr. Harrington returns, I shall learn whether my presence is desired in Providence or Brooklyn. I shall hold myself in readiness to go to either place.

I have had no letter yet from S. J. May.

Mary Parker is somewhat better. She and Lucy and Eliza desire to be remembered to Anna, and all the family. Dear Helen wishes a full share of sympathy and love to be sent to all — says she is sorry I have stated that she is unwell — that she feels much better than she did, &c. I join with her in tender remembrances to you all, as one.

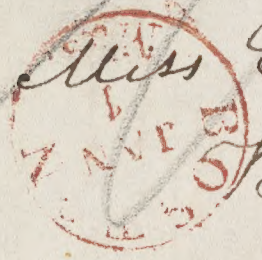
Affectionately yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. Shall we not hear from one of you soon?

Single. — Paid.

PAID



Miss Sarah T. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.